

13

AN INTRODUCTORY

CORRESPONDENCE.

TO THE

FIFTEENTH

ANNUAL COURSE OF LECTURES

IN THE

Homœopathic Medical College

OF PENNSYLVANIA.

Delivered October 13th, 1862,

BY

GEO. R. STARKEY, A. B., M. D.

PROFESSOR OF SURGERY.

PUBLISHED BY THE CLASS.

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1862.

CORRESPONDENCE.

PROF. STARKEY:

PHILADELPHIA, *October 25th*, 1862.

DEAR SIR:—The members of the Medical Class take this opportunity to express to you the gratification with which they listened to your Introductory to the Fifteenth Annual Course of Lectures.

Believing that many of the truths contained in it are worthy of being preserved in a more available form, we have presumed upon your kindness by respectfully soliciting a copy of the Lecture for publication; provided it be not inconsistent with your feelings, which we hope ever to respect.

We remain Sir, with much esteem,

Your obedient servants,

J. C. BUDLONG, *President*.

GEORGE B. SMITH, *Secretary*.

COMMITTEE.

LEN. KITTINGER, *New Jersey*.

CHAS. H. CHAMBERLAIN, *Vermont*.

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GEO. B. SMITH, *Connecticut*.

H. WALTER FARRINGTON, *Pennsylvania*.

H. F. HUNT, *Rhode Island*.

PHILADELPHIA, *October 27th*, 1862.

GENTLEMEN:—Your favor of the 25th inst., requesting for publication a copy of the Lecture introductory to the present course, was duly received and is hereby gratefully acknowledged.

I cheerfully comply with your request, in the hope that a few, learning the hygienic truths imperfectly expressed in the Lecture, may be enabled to fill up the allotted measure of their days with satisfaction to themselves and usefulness to their fellow-men.

The propositions enunciated in the early part of the discourse, lay no claim to being demonstrable truths; nor, on the other hand, are they merely the recorded play of fancy; but rather, a few leaves suggestive of the unexplored forest, from the skirts of which they were somewhat rudely torn.

Please accept, in behalf of the class which you represent, the assurance of my sincere regard, and of the satisfaction which I feel in esteeming myself your true friend and faithful teacher.

Respectfully,

G. R. STARKEY.

Messrs. GEO. B. SMITH and others, *Committee*.

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AN INTRODUCTORY

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GENTLEMEN OF THE MEDICAL CLASS:

I am glad to see you. My colleagues here, each and severally, wish me to say to you that here and now they are glad to see you. Yes, gentlemen, we are glad; and that, too, according to several meanings of the word. We are selfishly glad, perhaps;—aye, and should be. The man does not live—it is contrary to the order of his creation—who can work on and on, to any good purpose, with the prospect of no personal gain or interest. We are glad professionally. With right good-will do we buckle the armor upon a band of youths who have the courage, amid all the trials of the times, to present themselves as candidates for knighthood. Surely, our ranks will be worthily reinforced by the accession of such material. Glad are we, also, for the sake of our common humanity. Say to our suffering, bleeding, dying brotherhood of man, 'behold another corps of ministers come to you, bearing with them the benign, yet potent balms of healing!'

You may see, then, gentlemen, that this our greeting is genuine and sincere. The welcome which we extend to you, is no mere lip service; but is direct from the heart, and warm with its own life-blood. If you are at liberty to doubt our words, you may not doubt our deeds. Look about you, then, and see what we have done since our last session, to make your stay with us pleasant, and the term of your pupilage profitable.

I have said that we are glad to see you; and if I may judge by the smiles that light up your faces, I must decide that you are not sorry to meet us. And I would ask you to take a glance at the fair faces of those who have come here to greet your advent, all beaming with light, beauty and enthusiasm; and then say, on your honor, if that is not a glad welcome! Are we, then, all joyously glad? So, indeed, it would seem. And why should we not be? Our best interest calls for it. The occasion warrants it. The events transpiring demand it. See that dumb animal, the race-horse, preparing to match his speed against that of his rivals. The arching neck, the sleek, quivering flanks, the rest-

less eyes, the impatient tread, the oft-champed foaming bit, all attest the gladness with which even he catches a glimpse of the goal which he, with heaving chest, reeking sides and distended nostrils, must try to reach. See, too, the joyousness of his trainers, as they give their favorite the last pat of pride. And who may define the bounds of that joyousness which goes shouting upwards from the multitudes of merely lookers on! Transcendantly more glorious is the race which you are about to run.

Again, the season of the year invites to and sanctions the state. In Spring-time all nature is glad, joyous, jubilant. Birds, blossoms, breezes, babbling brooks—all are jocund as the ringing laugh of childhood. They seem to be doing almost everything but putting on long faces.

‘Quite pretty in its way,’ you will say; ‘but this doesn’t happen to be Spring!’ Nature’s Spring, no! This is Nature’s harvest time. As you sped hither from your distant homes, the panorama of garnered grain, fruit-laden trees and rustling corn-sheaves told you that the old Dame has her lap full, and is quietly settling down for a comfortable evening nap.

But in all creation’s vast domains of matter and mind, there is an infinity of motion through stupendous and infinitely varying cycles. The grand cycle of the seasons in the domain of matter is but the type of larger and smaller cycles in matter (and mind as well,) infinite in number, infinite in variety, infinite in perfection.

This is Nature’s harvest time; the closing up of the cycle of the natural seasons. But it is the spring time of a more important cycle of seasons; I mean the mental and social seasons. And this is in obedience to a law as immutable as the law of succession among the seasons themselves—viz: extremes are always meeting. The seed germinates; and the plant passes from this, its first term, through the cycle of its life to the last term, which is also seed. Here extremes meet; for the last term or ending of this cycle is seed, which is the beginning or first term of other cycles similar to itself. This is the type of all organic creation.

But there is another law governing in these affairs: Nature never exactly repeats herself. In completing her cycles, she never returns to the same point. There is ever a *connatus* towards a higher state of existence at each succeeding cycle. Thus the mineral, ending its last cycle as such, gyrates through the next cycle as a vegetable; next through that of an animal; next through that of man. But how prove that it stops here?

In the life of an individual, he revolves through the successive cycles of infancy, childhood, adolescence, manhood, old age, decrepitude. Here is an illustration of both laws: for he is indeed a child again; but if he has lived in accordance with the laws of his creation, he is no longer the ignorant child of infancy, but a wise child.

Again, the great cycle of man’s natural life, made up of the lesser ones just enumerated, ends by beginning one to be evolved upon a higher plane; a never-ending life in an infinitely higher world than

this. Here again extremes meet; for death which ends the one, is but a glorious birth which begins the other.

But the most perfect exemplification of these laws, which is adapted to our comprehension, is to be found in the human body; upon the consideration of the stupendous mechanism of which you are now about to enter. Of the infinity of examples for illustration, I will cite but one. The material food which nourishes the body passes first through the cycle of digestion; the embodiment of which is named the *prima via*. The result is chyle; a material sublimated, lifted up to a higher state, ready—not to repeat the cycle, but—to begin a new one through the *via secunda*. Now, a fluid vitalized in the heart, it is ready to essay another flight into the realms of air within the lungs. And now, transcendantly prepared by its rounds through all previous cycles, it begins its last, high-wrought round, the final end of all the others, and weaves a garment wondrous in texture, exquisite in beauty and divine in form, around an immortal spirit—God's own image.

I trust that enough has now been said to show that it *may be* in accordance with laws which obtain in the universe, that this our mental or social spring-time is legitimately beginning at the period of nature's harvest-time—the closing days of the natural seasons. Be that as it may, the fact stares us in the face, whether we recognize it or not. You remember well enough, how you and Joseph and Ellen and Laura were obliged to exert yourselves last spring to keep up the interest in the social assemblies, which had been such a decided success all winter, that you hadn't dreamed of their ever flagging in interest. You remember too, how in spite of all your efforts, they presently wilted like the summer flower that had blossomed and must wither. Everybody knows how the lectures drag at the first intimation of returning spring, how the lyceums falter, theatres flag, operas grow dim—aye, and even prayer meetings become sombre. The fact is, social vegetation gets nipped with frost in March. After this the social atmosphere gets chilly, and the winds begin to sound lonely. Later than this, however, there are attempts at warm days; and we have our Indian summer. That Indian Summer! What a season of sweet pensiveness it affords us! It is Nature's own method of expressing the memory of a season full of beauty, glory and richness. Next to the reality of living through one of those days, is reading the word-painting from *Bryant's Death of the Flowers*. And although you may have read it a hundred times, I cannot resist the temptation of repeating one stanza:

“And now, when comes the calm mild day, as still such days will come,

To call the squirrel and the bee from out their winter home;

When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, tho' all the trees are still,

And twinkle in the smoky light the waters of the rill,

The south wind searches for the flowers whose fragrance late he bore,

And sighs to find them in the wood and by the stream no more.”

Do you know, I think the Indian summer in the social season is the May-day party. After this come bleak winds, sleet, snow, and frost; till dog-days find a perfect arctic winter in the social world.

In March, too, the social and intellectual laborers gather in their harvest. Associations are counting their receipts intellectual—lecture-goers ruminate upon the fruit of their labors—our colleges have commencements at the *end* of their sessions, (as the author writes his preface after the '*finis*;' so very difficult is it to evade the law, that extremes meet,) and the students bind up their golden sheaf with a blue ribbon. And thus harvest-laden, in March, they retire for a season of rest.

But for fear I may have failed to present all my illustrations in a style to be appreciated, I wish to avail myself of one, the force of which I doubt if the most stupid would own that he is too obtuse to perceive. If there is a spring-time in the life of individuals, a season of opening flower-buds, gushing melody of birds, and balmy breezes laden with delicate fragrance—when everything is seen through a halo which envelopes all in beauty, it is the season of pure young love. It is the tender, genuine courting time. Now who ever heard of any one's falling in love and going courting in March or May? Just as soon would one think of getting up in the morning, the spring-time of the day, and go courting. Valentine's day may be the mating-day of birds, but surely not for boys and girls—as is proved by the nature of the missives sent on those occasions. You may go to any May-day party and come back heart-whole—provided said organ was in a state of integrity before you went—despite the royal brilliancy of the prettiest queen and her charming suite. But if you are at all susceptible, and wish your heart-throbs to be equable, uniform and unruffled, take my advice: don't trust yourself alone with any good-looking, kind-hearted maiden in a country stroll,

“When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, tho' all the trees are still!”

Indeed, I hardly know where you would be safe with her, while the evenings are growing longer and the outside season cooler.

Gentlemen, it is my privilege to congratulate you upon the favorable auspices under which you set out upon your career. In my humble judgment, no class has ever entered upon their curriculum of studies in this institution with promises based upon so sure a foundation as are now offered to you. I might congratulate you who have returned to our halls, upon the fact that you see no new faces in the Faculty. You have known us all, through one term, and now know what you may reasonably expect. To you, whom we welcome for the first time, I may confidently say: if age improves everything, you have better teachers than the class who preceded you. I might congratulate you upon the changes made in our premises to insure your greater personal comfort, and the facilities for acquiring the knowledge necessary to make you trustworthy physicians; and upon the acquisition of a well-endowed and well-administered hospital near our college, which marks an important epoch, not only in the history of the college, but also in the cause of Homeopathy here and elsewhere. All these, however, will hardly fail to impress themselves upon your notice, and I doubt not, will be duly appreciated by you.

But there is one occasion of congratulation which may not be so lightly passed over: I mean, that you enter upon your career during the great era in the world's history, which is now being made by our distressed and struggling country. Our bleeding country! What emotions do not come welling up from the lowest depths of our being, at the mention of the spectacle! Have we Americans realized that we have a country? Or have we so long received from her hand nothing but kind and profuse beneficence, that we are accustomed to accept her blessings as a matter of course? Had we come to class them with Heaven's universal gifts—the sun-light, air, and rain—till we had forgotten that the source of them must fail unless we replenish it with our choicest blood? Such, surely is to be feared. We, her recreant sons—recreant because thoughtless, perhaps—have ceased to minister to her, our country—our mother, our more than mother,—still young, stalwart, beautiful, despite the splashes with which her disgusting enemies have befouled her person; have ceased to guard her, until now she writhes in a death-grapple with foes whose ferocity as much transcends that of the hyena, as the discharge of heaven's artillery does the evening lullaby. What a spectacle she presents to the world! Bleeding at every pore, she still meets every murderous attack; asking no aid, seeking no pity, requiring no commiseration save from us, her children.

Of the nations, some are stirred with a fiendish hope of her destruction; some with fear and dread of her redoubled power, should she survive; while all stand awe-struck at the terrible sublimity of the struggle. And will she come out of it triumphant? Aye! the word has gone forth. Shall it not prosper in that whereto it was sent? Shall it return void? Millions of hearts from off her shrine have answered—NO.

Gentlemen, what greater privilege can be ours—can be any one's—than in this, her hour of sorest need, to prepare ourselves to become her faithful ministers in the highest department to which she may be pleased to call us? I doubt not you are ready to reply: 'There are greater privileges. At least, there are positions to which we aspire, and which are not now attainable by us. We would help to fight our country's battles, were it practicable. Next, we would by our skill and assiduity help to restore those who by wounds or sickness are disabled for the labors of the battle-field!' I can fully appreciate the force of the first answer. So far as my experience goes, it requires more genuine courage to stay at one's old post of duty at home, than to face all the dangers that come from the shock of battle. All cannot go to war, however, if they would. Many a one can perform a much greater use to his country by doing his duty at home than in any other way. And by doing so, he may be making greater sacrifices—of feeling at least—than by joining the rank and file of her defenders.

As regards the second answer, much might be said. Many from our ranks would be rejoiced at the opportunity to devote themselves to the relief of the sick and wounded in the army. Some are so eager in this matter, they are willing to hazard the consequences of virtually

telling a 'pious lie' in order to accomplish their object. What emotions fill the breast of any one possessed of a generous nature, when he knows the monstrous inefficiency which disgraces the medical department of the army! If one visits the hospitals in this city, as I have, in the capacity of a member of a charitable association, and witnesses the treatment—shall I call it?—to which the poor soldiers are submitted, I hardly know with which feeling he would find it hardest to contend; whether pity for the sufferers, indignation at the condition of the department, or contempt for a majority of the wearers of green sashes. If there was ever a method of treatment properly called 'expectant,' so far as the patient is concerned, those poor soldiers know it all by heart.

But could we, the regular physicians, (for the practice of the old school is very irregular, and in consequence its practitioners are irregular also,) could we do any better, were we placed in their positions? I answer—Yes. Now for the proof of it, and as to how much better we could do. It appears from authentic journals, that a regiment of French hussars came under the professional care of a homœopathic surgeon, Dr. Laburthe, in 1835, and continued in his charge during three consecutive years. At the end of this period, he made a detailed clinical report of the condition of the regiment, which was attested by the Colonel of the regiment, L. De Brack. For the five years previous it had been under the charge of an allopath. During this allopathic administration, the annual number of patients treated in the hospitals varied from 312 to 565; the last year of the five exhibiting 556. The total number of days sickness annually, varied from 13,303 to 17,264. Under the homœopathic *regime*, during the first year the whole number of patients admitted to the hospitals was 123, against 556 the year previous. This great discrepancy is to be in part accounted for by the fact that the majority of the cases being quite slight, or the early beginning of serious diseases, they were treated in the soldiers' barracks; and requiring only two or three days treatment, were not admitted to the hospitals. The next year the number decreased to 73, and the next to six; and of these five were wounded.

The total number of days sickness for the three years was respectively 4151, 3060, and 270. The smallest number under the previous administration was 13,303, or more than three times as many as the largest number under the homœopathic *regime*.

You will observe the remarkable decrease of patients from year to year under homœopathic treatment. This must have been mainly due to the gradual decrease of chronic maladies which flourish so luxuriantly under the allopathic *regime*.

Of the many records of statistics which are reliable, I'll cite but one. Dr. Kurtz, from a collection of records of various hospitals, on the continent, arrived at the following conclusions:—The average number of deaths in every hundred patients treated in allopathic hospitals was 9; in homœopathic, 4. The average number of days during which each patient was treated in old school hospitals, was 29; in homœopathic, 21. From many other reliable statistics, I think a

comparison of the results of the two systems will always be as favorable to homœopathy. Let us now make a hasty examination of the affairs in our army, in the light of the above results.

From the Medical Director's office in this city, I learn that the estimated number of soldiers admitted into the hospitals here during the current year, is about 20,000. I think it a very low estimate of the whole number of sick in the army, to reckon one-fifth of them as being in Philadelphia. According to this, we have 100,000 soldier-patients for one year.

According to the results obtained by Dr. Kurtz, we might expect a mortality of 9000 under the treatment *secundum artem*. Under homœopathic *regime*, 4000; making a saving of 5000 men. This may be very little to government, but I submit, whether this little isn't something worth saving?—not asking the opinion of parents, wives, sisters and children; these being interested parties, and therefore not entitled to a hearing.

Dr. Kurtz says that under the old *regime* they remain patients eight days longer than under the new. Accordingly, the government loses 800,000 days, or 2191 years service, which, under homœopathic treatment, might have been saved to it. As the rations and medicine for each hospital soldier amount to fifty cents per day, we have a loss to government, besides the loss of more than 2000 years service, \$400,000 in money. After deducting 9000, the estimated mortality, we have 91,000 survivors. The amount allowed by government for medicine is ten cents a day for each soldier. The medicine for the whole number of survivors costs \$9100 per day, or \$3,321,500 per year. I am sure that the medicine for homœopathic treatment would cost less than \$10,000. Deducting this amount from the above cost, and adding the \$400,000, we have \$3,711,500.

Now let us see how much government pays to keep in service an old public functionary, or as a member of the Royal College of Surgeons has happily expressed it: "The chaotic mother of children fairer than herself, who keeps them out of their fortunes by lingering too long above ground, and cumbering the earth with its age and infirmities."

Number of men lost to government, country, and friends 5000. Number of years service lost by protracted illness of survivors, 2190. Number of dollars to support survivors during unnecessarily protracted illness, and for superfluous medicine, \$3,711,500. I grant that the result is only approximation. But if we had obtained it from the data given by that regiment of French hussars, it would have told with tenfold severity against the prevailing medical treatment in our army.

But, gentlemen, it is not for us, as physicians, to complain. We must abide our time, and we can afford to. It becomes us only to prepare ourselves to improve the opportunities which developing events will inevitably place before us. This war is as much a war of revolution as was that of '76; and as much vaster in importance as it is in extent. It is a revolution of ideas, of opinions, of creeds and principles. The car of genuine, humanitarian, heaven-born progress is moving on. And woe betide the institutions which have not vitality.

enough either to see its coming, or seeing it, to avoid its relentless wheels. I tell you, gentlemen, the devotees of that old institution are every whit as desperate towards homœopathy as the rebels of the cotton states are towards the government. And if they come out of this contest in much the same way as the rebels will, they have themselves to thank for it.

They have, by virtue of their ancient organization, their prestige, their multifarious interests, and their much greater numbers, a decided advantage over us. And yet (it would be scarcely modest to say they are afraid of us, but) they act precisely as men do, who from other causes are very much scared. They know very well that homœopathy finds in this city 8000 families, ardently devoted to its interest; that a larger proportion of these are intelligent and respectable people than in an average number among their patrons; and that these and all that we may hereafter gain from their ranks are, and will be, hopelessly lost to them. And yet, will they allow a trial to be publicly made, whereby the superiority of one system may be fairly established? They act as if they dare not do it. Will they honestly and earnestly ask us or themselves 'what is the secret of such vast numbers being wedded to a system of cure?' They act as if they daren't do it. Will they allow us to try our skill in public institutions? They will, professionally, fight us to the death first.

This is not mentioned as anything of which we are to complain, but merely as a sign of the times; an unconscious acknowledgment of the weakness of their cause. I repeat, nobody can afford to wait more patiently than the homœopathic physicians; provided they will scrupulously prepare themselves to receive and improve the patrimony when they shall have come into full possession of it. Not so, however, the many friends of the sick and suffering. It requires more fortitude than I can realize, for those who have known by experience the great superiority of a scientific and rational mode of cure, to look on resignedly and see the very few slender chances of recovery heedlessly, not to say rudely, and in some cases *wantonly* stricken from under those whom they hold most dear on earth. To such, the consolation which we can hold out is of the most meagre kind. They too must abide their time. They bear the burdens, and pay the taxes which support the old order of things. It is for them to say how long they will continue patiently to carry them at such a sacrifice of money, labor, feeling and life.

It is possibly expected of me, gentlemen, that on this occasion, I should expatiate fully upon the principles and maxims of homœopathy—prove its great excellence when compared with any or all other systems of medication; or at least, get up a spicy tirade against our ancient opponent, Allopathy. If so, such expectations will not be realized. We have lived too long to make it necessary to spend many words in telling our intelligent audience what homœopathy is. To elucidate its maxims and principles, will be the object of my own and my colleagues' labor for the five months to come. Deeds, not words, are the proper means of proving its excellence; and these you

may behold every day. To utter any harsh or flippant expressions against allopathy would be both undignified and unkind. Undignified, because we should then be flinging back to her votaries the bedaubed missiles which they are wont to cast at us. It would be unkind, because she has been making over to us—not voluntarily or willingly, perhaps—the choicest of her treasures, which are the accumulation of centuries, and without which we should be much poorer than we are.

Remember that if she is an uncouth, chaotic mother, she is our mother still; and as such, is unquestionably entitled to courteous demeanor in our bearing towards her. If we exhibit no impatience that she is still keeping us out of our patrimony by living on and on, although so *very* inconsiderately, our heads will rest more easily on the pillow, and we shall have gained much in self-respect.

There is one subject, however, upon which I feel strongly disposed to say a few words. The subject is a semi-professional one, and therefore, requires no apology for its appearance on such an occasion as the present. Being only semi-professional, it will not demand that attention at the hands of either of my colleagues which, in my estimation, its importance demands. I have said that the subject is a semi-professional one. By this I do not mean that one-half of it may be appropriately said to you and the other half to your lay friends; but I mean that we have as much interest in it, as rational beings, in common with our lay friends, as we have in our capacity of physicians. And here, I might as well tell you; it is of some moment to you whether your patients find out what I am about to communicate to you. Should the substance of it get to their ears, and they, like sensible people, should give heed to it, I fear it would affect the gravity of your respective pockets. As you are well aware that no physician was ever known to be so unsophisticated as to instruct his patients how *not to get sick*, you will understand how you are to conduct yourselves in this and all other matters connected with hygiene, or the art of preserving health. It is our business to cure our patients—not for their sakes! of course not—but so that they may get sick again.

You are now prepared to learn, I presume, that my subject is *Water*; its uses and abuses, both hygienic and therapeutic. To its therapeutic virtues, both real and imaginary, I have time, now, only briefly to allude.

My definition of the article above mentioned need not be very elaborate. You all have more or less knowledge of its properties. Should you ask, my friend, your professor of chemistry—"What is water?" he would probably answer in the language of mystic symbolism, 'H. O.'—meaning, thereby, that it is composed of one atom or equivalent of hydrogen, and one atom or equivalent of oxygen, and consequently, its combining weight is nine. Another friend and colleague, your professor of physiology, might properly answer the same question—"It is the most extensive and most important of all the proximate principles found in the human body; being present in all its tissues, and necessary to the performance of its every function." A geologist would tell you that water is "rock;" (of course he would have reference to hard

water.) I well remember when the important intelligence was imparted to me that water is one of the four elements—the others being fire, earth and air. I little dreamed then, that this famous quartette would so soon be crowded from their ancient pedestal, and fifty-seven others usurp their place. Philosophers have eulogized it, poets have rhapsodized it, Preissnitz has almost canonized it, temperance men have eulogized it, and non-temperance men have praised it after this fashion:—"Water, is a very useful article in the cooking department, and laundry department; it is good for vegetation; adds to the value of mill privileges; and if you want a good time a-fishing, you can hardly get along without it. It is well enough, in its way, for purposes of commerce and navigation; but for good, reliable, every-day drink, give me rum."

Of the medicinal property of water, I have small opinion. In the face of so many flourishing hydropathic establishments and enthusiastic defenders of its virtues as a medicinal agent, I have very little faith in its powers to cure a body dynamically diseased. Let me explain:—The body may be diseased functionally, or dynamically. Whether we say "dynamically" or "organically," it is almost the same. If time enough has been allowed to the dynamically diseased body, it is organically diseased as well. A stream may be a poisoned one because its fountain is. The fountain being pure, however, the stream may be still a poisoned one, because it may have been so acted upon by extraneous forces below its fountain. The first stream represents fairly a body dynamically diseased; the latter a body functionally diseased; and as the poisoned extraneous forces, (causing the functional derangement,) may extend their quality to the fountain, so the causes of functional disease, if continued long enough, and sufficiently near the vital source of life in the body, will result in a dynamic disease. So long as it remains purely functional, water, judiciously applied, may be an efficient, and I sincerely believe, is sometimes the most efficient means of cure; and this, by removing the causes which are operating to produce the derangement. The cause being removed, the effect ceases; but if the causes have operated till the fountain is vitiated, the cause being removed, the effects still remain. In such a case, and in all cases in which the dynamic derangement was primary, water, as a medicinal agent, in my humble opinion, is powerless for any great good, no matter how applied.

I have arrived at this conclusion by close and somewhat extended observation, upon patients hydropathically treated; by learning, from hydropathic practitioners, what class of patients they deem unfit subjects for their peculiar mode of cure; and lastly, by *a priori* reasoning. I think it may be safely laid down as a truth, that there is no genuine medicine that is not a poison. (You need not tell your patients this, as it might frighten them.) Water is not a poison; therefore not a genuine medicine, and hence, cannot reach a dynamic disease.

I presume there is no one here who cannot call to mind cases illustrative of both positions now taken. There are very few who have not friends cured by the water system. And you will undoubtedly have

cases to treat, which, if you take my advice, you will send to a hydropathic establishment; and by so doing you will protect your own reputation, and the best interest of your patients. Such are business men, who for years have so devoted themselves to the details of business, sacrificing proper habits of eating, relaxation, and whatever goes to make up a man—not of money—till his brain gets clogged, liver jaded, stomach outraged, bowels receiving no compassion have none to return; in short, the man is disgusted with himself, everybody, and everything. What can any respectable amount of poison, in the form of medicine, do to rescue such a body? You might as well undertake, with a lady's toilet puff, to comb straight the hair of a 'contraband' who had been using tar for bear's grease. Rather send such a man to some water-cure establishment in the country. Get him away from his business; put him where he will have to obey orders; observe habits of regularity; eat food of reasonable quantity and quality; take regular outdoor exercise, in common with others, who, like himself, are in the eager pursuit of health, and know its value from the loss of it: but, above all, send him where he will be put to soak, in bath, and pack, and sweat-box—be soaked inside as well as outside. Then let him be rinsed with shower, and plunge, and douche: then wrung-out and dried; and my word for it, if he is not then cured (or killed) your infinitesimals will have a fair chance to do the remainder.

But on the other hand, who of us does not know many who have gone to those establishments, really diseased, in whom the citadel of life has been assailed? After the first few days or weeks, how have we seen their hopes, like the rocket, go sparkling and brilliant, heavenward. But just when they are "*almost well*," have they not gone down as rapidly and as darkly as the blasted stick, after the final flash which terminates the career in dazzling corruscations! This is the history of not a few within my own knowledge; and each of you, I doubt not, might add to the list. Further on, I may give you an explanation of the phenomena just related; and that is all I have to say of the medicinal action of water. I might tell you of its many real virtues, as an adjuvant to the rational method of cure; of its sedative, stimulant and resolvent properties: but these are not medicinal, and will be duly considered in their appropriate places.

But what have we to say against water as a hygienic agent? Nothing whatever.

"For there's nothing so good for the youthful blood,
As the pure and sparkling water."

And who, that has read that delicious word-picture—

"The old oaken bucket, the moss covered bucket,
All dripping with coolness, arose from the well,"

is not ready, with the poet, to exclaim:—

"Not a full blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
Tho' filled with the nectar which Jupiter sips."

And since the days when Venus bathed and the Naiads plashed, the bath, in some form, has been the only real luxury in which everybody might indulge. Surely, if there is another goddess, more fully entitled to the name of "Hygeia," water must be her first maid of honor. But what gift has Providence vouchsafed to us, that has not been, and is not now, woefully abused? And it is the abuse of this gift which I propose to point out, and against which I have somewhat to say.

The abuses incident to the internal use of water, are not sufficiently grievous to call loudly for reform. Whether there is danger that too large quantities of it are imbibed, as infusion of the fragrant China plant, I am, happily, excused from deciding. Besides, were a reform in this direction much needed, I know of no *man* of the requisite boldness, even in these war times, to undertake the task. There is a class of people who often declare that the great amount of water which is mixed with their whiskey is ruining their constitutions. But as half the labor is done in the work of putting away our evils when they are acknowledged and realized, so let us hope that these people may reform without any stimulus from us.

It would seem then, that the abuses mentioned are incident to the external use of water—washing, baths, and ablutions. Yes, even so!

I am well aware that this is an unpopular subject; that the army of hydropaths will deem it the rankest heresy to say a word against bathing; that many of my fair friends, if they should get to hear of this, would say hard things about me; and that some of them, if they should trust themselves to speak, would say: 'He is a dirty fellow!' Still, after counting the cost, I have hazarded the attempt.

The excesses alluded to, have existed during a period of about one generation, and they date their beginning at the time Preissnitz founded his establishment at Graefenberg. And I will begin by laying down, as a proper position: That more people have shortened their lives within this period, by over-bathing, than have done so by too little bathing during ten equal periods. Nor should we be surprised at such a result. Bathing in itself is a luxury; and many high in authority in such matters, have labored assiduously to persuade us that it is our duty to indulge, *ad infinitum*, in this luxury. Medical journals, from the London Lancet to Hall's Journal of Health, advocate it. Dietetic reformers, of every description, make it a prominent article in their creeds. Sanitary Committees almost make it the *alpha* and *omega* of their labors to recommend it. Physiologists vie with each other in impressing the minds of the profession with its paramount importance, founded upon the number of pores which they have succeeded in discovering in the skin. What wonder, then, that we have run into excesses, when we have been urged by such an array of authority, to do diligently what we are so fond of doing!

Here I may be met with the very proper question: If the indulgence is injurious, why don't the evidence at once appear, and correct the excess? The answer is easy, and should be satisfactory: Cold water applied to the skin, (and no one thinks of taking a warm bath

daily,) is a stimulant; provided always there is vigor enough in the system to react against the effects of the cold applied. Of course the body feels exhilarated and pleasurable. Of course, too, there will be a period of depression proportionate to the amount of elevation: but this is disguised by a fresh application of the stimulus, followed by a fresh accession of exhilaration. And as the amount of stimulation and consequent depression is at any one time quite small, it must take a long time for the ill effects to accumulate to such an extent as to be appreciable—especially in a robust body. Nay, more; it is oftentimes the case that the appearance is that there is a steady increase of bodily health and vigor. Nor is it always a mere appearance, as we shall see; but a real increase acquired at the expense of future treasure.

The phenomena attending the frequent application of water to the body, are similar to what we usually observe attending the frequent application of any mild stimulus. If the amount and frequency of the stimulus used is judiciously adapted to the stamina of the system, it will result as a rule, that the individual is more vigorous. There is an evident gain in strength. There is increased elasticity of step, ruddiness of complexion, lustre of the eye, and plumpness of form. What wonder then, that our fair cousins are ready to endorse the wisdom of the above mentioned authorities, when they so eloquently urge the practice which yields such results!

But here comes a serious question, which must be met and answered. Is this a genuine gain of health to the person? or is it delusive, and only a temporary gain; to obtain which, some other period of the person's life must pay the forfeit? If the former, then too much cannot be said in its favor. If the latter is to be answered in the affirmative, then all who practise it are committing gradual suicide. Let us, then, examine this question in all seriousness.

No principle is better established in physiology than that mere stimulus can add nothing to the powers of the body. The apparent increase of power in a partially exhausted body is the effect of whip and spur applied to powers already jaded; only to be followed by a greater degree of exhaustion. The effect of mere stimulus is, always, to lash into activity powers or forces which would lie quiescent if left to themselves. Now, viewed in this light, what is the answer to the question just propounded? It is that the access of apparent or real health, induced by habitual bathing, (whatever else it may be) is not genuine, legitimate health; because it is the result of mere stimulus. But what are the forces which being aroused into activity, make this show of desirable health? I answer; it is a force of health already existing in the system; ordinarily lying latent, and held in reserve for the purpose of meeting emergencies, to which the body is liable. It is truly a *corps de reserve*, to be called upon when the body is reduced to straits by sickness, accidents, or old age.

In the organic world, Nature, while providing for the present, always has respect to the future. There is an abundance of examples of this law of storing up provisions for occasions in the future. At this season of the year, we may perceive that the fruit trees, although they

have matured their fruit, and long since entirely ceased to grow, still the leaves are green and vigorous, and it is impossible for them under the influence of sun and shower to remain inactive. Are they making wood, or leaves, or fruit, or sap? No, neither. They are storing up a reserve force of formative material which, under the stimulus of sun and shower next spring, will develop into leaves, wood, and fruit. The gardener takes advantage of this vital property of vegetation in the culture of early grapes. I refer to this example, because it is a fuller illustration of the law than any other that occurs to me at this time.

The gardener builds his hot-house and plants his grape-vines outside of the house, in the open air. As they grow, he draws each one through an aperture into the house, and trains it up beneath the glass roof. Under these favorable circumstances, the vine makes rapid growth; reaching in a single season, if unmolested, fifty or more feet. But when it has completed ten or fifteen feet, he checks the growth of elongation, in all directions, and compels it, for the remainder of the season, to elaborate the sap, and store it up, wonderfully enriched, in the small compass allowed. (Our ladies imitate the process when they boil down their syrups.) Let us now observe the capabilities of this *corps de reserve*; for the analogy between this and the reserved force of health in our bodies is very close.

Very soon after mid-winter, when all nature quietly slumbers in shrouds of frost, while the gardener's vines are frozen solid in the ground, he applies the stimulus of moisture and artificial heat to the part within the house. The buds swell, the leaves unfold, the blossoms appear, the fruit sets, grows and matures, and the rich purple clusters hang in profusion. And the flavor of these grapes is scarcely inferior to that of those grown during long months under the sunny skies of their own native Italy. All this is without a particle of nourishment from the roots, which are still frozen in the ground.

But now, spring arrives; and other vines, exposed to all the elements of the seasons, start into new life, and in an orderly manner develop their profusion of leaves and fruit. How is it with our hot-house pets? The same influences are brought to bear upon them; the roots are released, and warmed, and watered. All the external conditions affecting the two classes are the same. But the one class, by stimulation, has exhausted simply its *corps de reserve*, (nothing else,) and can bear *no fruit*. The other, less favorably circumstanced it may be, still has its store and is fruitful.

We can now understand the source whence comes what may properly be called the "fictitious health" of habitual bathers. They have made a draft upon their patrimony, into possession of which they have not yet come. And when they shall have come in possession of it, if they should still find a portion not forfeited, they may console themselves that the patrimony was larger than they had any reason to expect. I need hardly spend words now to redeem my promise, to explain the phenomenon of patients improving so hopefully under hydro-pathic treatment. You may at once see that the little stock of reserve,

soon roused into fictitious and delusive health, is quickly exhausted; and the inevitable result follows.

By this it will be seen that some can bear a daily bath longer than others, because they have a larger force upon which to fall back. But none has an exhaustless quantity. *Verbum sat.*

An enlightened examination of the anatomy and physiology of the skin, will triumphantly sustain the positions I have assumed. Of these, and many other questions of great interest connected with the subject, I have not time to speak, nor you patience to hear. But there is one phase of my subject which I wish very much you should look at. I mean the argument used by all professional writers for the use and necessity of habitual bathing.

"There are so many millions of pores in the skin, like so many millions of little mouths, and the health of the body requires that they be kept open." Only think of *one* mouth being kept open; and then judge whether you would like to have 769,315,428 mouths all kept open on your body! Out upon such pedantic nonsense! It is downright blasphemy to declare that the beautiful, exquisite, wonderful, divine texture of the skin, comes from the hand of its Maker such a botch as they would make it appear. It is just as perfect for its uses as are the brain and heart for theirs. And if the skin requires the continual application of soap, swab and crash, every organ in the body requires analogous treatment. Such notions are hardly worthy of being refuted.

How much then shall we bathe? Answer: as often as cleanliness requires. But bear in mind, no one can be so clean by bathing once a day, as he or she can by bathing once a week: (barring, of course, the accumulation of extraneous soiling.) How many persons I have heard, especially young ladies, say, "Why, Doctor, I feel so bad if I miss my bath once!" "In what way do you feel bad?" "O, so uncomfortable, and kind of dirty." "My dear girl, that is the same strain in which the smoker, the opium eater, and the toper complain." Your sensations are reliable. You feel dirty for the best of all possible reasons: because you are so. You have stimulated the pores till they have eagerly thrown off what they were already doing in good time; and also much that should not have been thrown off. After such an extra effort they have the same necessity for a season of rest, as you do after having served your country by dancing all night. Of course, while they are resting in order to recuperate, the material presented to them to be disposed of, contrary to the condition of things in a normal state of affairs, must accumulate; clogging up and distending those blessed little servants. And you are obliged to carry about with you that load, until either they have had time to recover their natural tone, or you apply the lash to them again; again to go through the same process.

Neither is it a matter of indifference as regards the item of cleanliness, which of these is done. If the repetition of the bath is the remedy for the engorgement of the pores, you get, at best, only a negative cleanliness. At most, you are simply not dirty—simply in the

condition of a clean shirt. But the term "cleanliness," when applied to human beings, should mean something more than this thread-bare state of things. And, indeed, this is recognised in common conversation. When we say that Mrs. P. or Miss Annie is "clean, wholesome looking," we do not mean that she is simply *not dirty*. We mean that there is a positive entity of cleanness about her which is delightful—a subtle, delicious *halitus* or aroma, which her whole being—spirit and body—is ever sending forth thro' the pores of the unabused skin, and which is being distilled in dewy unctiousness upon its surface, to its own eminent satisfaction and the comfort of the whole body; and of which you are as assiduously trying to deprive yourself by the dexterous use of cold water and crash towel.

Two very sad phases of ill health present themselves to the physician. One is to watch the vigorous, plump, beautiful baby through one year of daily sousings "in his pretty little bath-tub," ("and Oh! he does enjoy it so much!") only to come out a delicate, puny, lusterless two-years old. The children of others, with not a tithe of his advantages as a whole, whose skins are almost innocent of water from birth, seldom record such a history. The other, and yet sadder, is the expression of confirmed invalids: "Doctor, I can't bathe as I used to! I think if I could get so as to bathe again, I should soon get well!" *They do not dream* that bathing has brought them where they are.

Gentlemen, we reasonably expect that the number in your class will be small. We miss the faces of quite a number of last year's students, who would be here now but for their presence in the army and navy. Much as we regret their absence, it is not in our heart to demur. We believe they will faithfully serve their country according to their best ability. She needs their services, and that is sufficient.

But I can assure you, (and I speak in behalf of the entire Faculty,) that our efforts will not relax because, forsooth, our country has summoned our fellows to her aid. We have not much to promise you in words; but prefer to perform without promising. All that earnestness, a sincere desire to discharge faithfully the trust reposed in us, and some experience may accomplish, you may confidently expect from your teachers. But we wish you to understand that all which we or any one else in our capacity can do for you, will avail you nothing unless you appropriate what is presented for your acceptance. If you are true to yourselves and your interests, you will find these few months no holiday season to you. There is no royal road to learning; so don't aspire to be geniuses. This is a rock upon which many a young man of promise has split. You had better accept this truth at once: that there is nothing valuable to be obtained in our profession, except by hard, persevering, and long continued toil. No excellence was ever yet attained without the possessor of it having gone through an amount of drudgery that would frighten common minds even to contemplate. My advice to you is that now, at the outset, you make up your minds that for the next few months a large amount of hard brain-labor must be performed—that this is to be done regularly, rigidly, and scrupulously; and that all other interests and pleasures shall be subordinate

to that which has now become the business of your lives. These are the golden morning days of your career. As they are spent, so goes your whole future life. The habits of thought, observation, and especially of application, which you are now forming, will probably always inhere with you in future. The mental discipline which you may be now acquiring, will be of ten-fold more value to you than the whole array of facts which you may be able to gather.

Lay aside the "boy" during the hours of application, and try to feel the responsibility of your position. Boyishness in lecture hours is sometimes a luxury, I am aware; but it is a luxury in which very few can afford to indulge. My advice to you, as a friend, is to avoid the extravagance, at least during war times.

On the other hand, you must be as punctual in your hours of rest and relaxation. Activity is absolutely essential to life. And again, states of rest are just as essential to the existence of activity. Even the heart has its season of complete rest after each life-beat. I had a classmate in college whose ambition to be the first scholar of the age in the ancient classics was so towering that he sacrificed rest, amusement, and the amenities of social life to the one object. In his Junior year he edited a Greek text-book, which, I think, is used in nearly all our colleges. But he *graduated* in a school of which we, as yet, know nothing. Be, then, as scrupulous in your seasons of recreation as in those of intellectual labor. But do not let them supplant nor yet encroach upon each other. And I would suggest that if you are at a loss how to spend your hours of relaxation, you should make known your embarrassment to some one of the numerous fair friends of our city of "Sisterly Love." You will find them very ingenious in devising means to assist you. I have tried it myself, and I must say, with eminent success.

But, Gentlemen, do not let your paramount ambition be to acquire professional eminence. This, I grant, is, in itself, laudable; but is not enough. First of all, determine within yourselves to be men. Resolve that while you walk these halls of learning your form shall be erect; that through your agency no stain shall come upon the ermine which now clothes an unsullied character; that when you return to your mothers and sisters, you will have the proud consciousness that you are worthy to receive the kiss of true and affectionate welcome. And, above all, endeavor as each morning light breaks upon you, in genuine humility, to acknowledge the source whence these and all your blessings come.

And now, gentlemen, I repeat the welcome which I extended to you in the beginning. And my worst wish is, that five months hence I may be privileged to extend to you as warm a congratulation for worthy achievements; which, in my heart, I verily believe you will have deserved.